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P I N D A R's

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P I N D A R's
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P R O S E R P I N A.

TRANSLATED FROM

The *French* of Monsieur DE LA MOTTE.

And humbly Addressed to

The Right Honourable the Lord HARDWICK,
Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain.

*Te sequor Graiæ gentis Decus! inque tuis nunc
Fixa pedum pono pressis vestigia signis:
Non ita certandi cupidus, quàm propter amorem,
Quod te imitari aveo.*

LUCRETIVS.

By R. CRUTTENDEN.



L O N D O N :

Printed for T. COOPER, at the *Globe* in *Pater-Noster-Row*.
M. DCC. XXXVIII.

W I L L I A M
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P R O S E R P I N A

TRANSLATED FROM

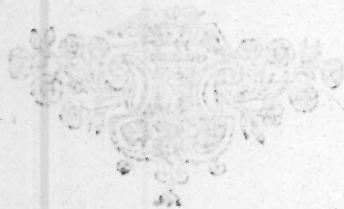
The Poem of MONSIEUR DE LA MOTTE

And adapted to the English

The Right Honourable the Lord HARDWICK,
Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain

By JOHN GALT, Esq. of the Middle Temple,
Esq. of the Middle Temple, Barrister at Law,
and of the Inner Temple, Barrister at Law,
of the Middle Temple, Barrister at Law.

By R. CRUTCHFIELD.



L O N D O N
Printed by T. COOPER, at the Golden Rule, in St. Paul's Church-yard.
M D C C L X V I I I





T H E P R E F A C E.

A S I have always been an enemy to long Prefaces prefix'd to trifles, I shall take up no more of the Reader's time than is necessary to inform him, that the first hint of the present Ode seems to have been taken from a passage in the life of *Pindar*, of which we have the following account from *Pausanias*. *Proserpina is reported to have appeared to him in a dream, complaining, that whilst he had composed Hymns in honour of all the other Deities, she alone had been neglected; she added, however, that when he came into her dominions, he should there celebrate her praises. Not many days after, Pindar died, and, in a short time, appeared to an old woman, a relation of his, who used to imploy a great part of her time in singing his verses, and repeated to her an Hymn composed by him to this Goddess.*

It is to this extraordinary story, that we are, probably, obliged for the present Ode. *Monseur de la Motte*, the author of it, is sufficiently known in the polite world; in which his performances have justly acquired a great reputation: how well he has imitated the manner and stile of *Pindar*, must be left to the judgment of the Reader, after proper allowances first made for any defects which may be found in the translation.

P R E F A C E.

The taste of the present Age runs too strongly in favour of the *Ancients*, to suffer me to enter into any comparison betwixt the *Greek*, and the *Modern*: however, I may venture to assert, that *Monsieur de la Motte* would suffer less by such an inquiry, than any poet who has hitherto attempted an imitation of this author. The grandeur of his sentiments, the beauty of his transitions, and the harmony of his numbers, if they fail to equal him with his great Master, have, at least, set him above any copy which succeeding ages have been able to produce. Should it be acknowledged, that he has not reached the daring heights of *Pindar*, he has, however, escaped the fate which *Horace* denounces on all who should attempt to pursue him, and come off, not only without *breaking his neck*, but has even saved his credit and reputation.

I have ever, indeed, been of opinion, that our own language bids the fairest for success in this kind of poetry: the *french* tongue not being sufficiently strong and nervous, to support that elevation of thought, so essentially required in a *pindaric Ode*: and, besides the advantage of numbers better adapted to the nature of this poem, there seems an enthusiasm, peculiar almost to our own writers, in which none have so nearly imitated *Pindar*, whose warmth, or rather fire of imagination, has been but faintly copied by any other nation; if at least, we except the present performance of *Monsieur de la Motte*.

Mr. *Cowley*, who first attempted, with any tolerable success, the revival of this species of poetry, must be allowed to have had a great deal of this fire in several of his compositions: his transitions, like those of his great original, are frequently beautiful and surprizing; his sentiments carry in them a true sublimity of thought; his diction is, for the most part, sufficiently harmonious; and, had his judgment been equal to the heat of his imagination, he would, undoubtedly, have come the nearest to *Pindar* amongst the *Moderns*. But with all these advantages, the Reader will easily observe, that, like an headstrong horse, he frequently runs himself out of breath; and, by attempting to soar too high, becomes obscure, and scarce intelligible. Instead of keeping one main point in view, he falls often into digressions quite foreign to the original subject, and wanders

on

P R E F A C E.

on till he has even lost himself, and bewildered his Reader : so that, at the conclusion, we neither know what he intended at first, nor can find any natural connection betwixt the end and the beginning.

Since his time, Mr. *Congreve* has obliged the world with a dissertation on this kind of writing, particularly with regard to pindaric numbers, and prov'd, that whatever liberties may have been taken in this way of writing, yet that, originally, these odes were confined to a strict regularity of measure in the returns of the several stanza's. Of this he has endeavoured to give us a specimen or two : but, with all proper deference to so great a name, I think, whilst he has been too attentive to the length of his lines, and the regular return of his verse, he has lost that energy of thought, and strength of diction, which so remarkably distinguish themselves in the Odes of *Pindar*. He rides with so streight a reign, as cramps the flight of his muse, and prevents her rising to any considerable elevation.

I write in pain whilst I am saying any thing that should even seem to detract from the merit of these two gentlemen, for whom I have the greatest esteem, whose works have done an honour to our nation, and will, probably, be read with approbation, so long as the *English* tongue, in its present greatest purity, shall be understood. I shall, therefore, only farther observe, that *Monsieur de la Motte* appears to me to have been sufficiently aware of both these extreams ; and whilst he discovers, thro' the whole poem, all that force of imagination, that *vivida vis anima*, as *Horace* calls it, which shines in *Cowley*, he has cautiously avoided all that irregularity in his numbers, and unnatural flights of thought, which appear in many of the poems of that admired author. Nor, on the other Hand, does his attention to the length of his lines, and constant harmony of sound, oblige him to cramp the sublimity of his genius, or fetter the freedom of his thoughts. It must be own'd, indeed, that he has not, at all times, kept strictly to the rules lay'd down by Mr. *Congreve* ; he has, however, carefully avoided any disagreeable inequalities, or immeasurable length of verse.

With

P R E F A C E.

With all these beauties to recommend it, I have long wondered that no person has hitherto attempted a translation of this Ode, whether the general knowledge, which the polite part of our nation have of the *French* language, may seem to make such a performance unnecessary, or to whatever cause it may be owing? I have hitherto met with no attempt of this nature, and if, what is now offered to the Reader, may provoke some other hand to do more justice to the author than I have been capable of, I shall esteem my own time and pains very well bestowed, since by this means, at least,

— *Fungar vice Cotis, acutum*
Reddere quæ Ferrum Valet, expers ipsa secandi.

After having said so much of the original, I shall only farther inform the Reader, that the first sketch of the following translation was sent me about twenty years ago, by a gentleman long since deceased. To whom the world is obliged for the continuation of *Plutarch's Lives*, and some poetical pieces which have been well received in several miscellaneous collections. His natural fine genius, and uncommon application, to all the parts of polite learning, began very early to distinguish him amongst the best writers of the present age; amongst whom Mr. *Rowe* would have appeared with great reputation, had not an innate modesty, and an early death, deprived the world of many valuable performances, of which he has only left behind him the imperfect designs.

The present Ode was, undoubtedly, of this number, having been begun by him during his retirement in the country for the recovery of his health, which had suffered much from a constitution naturally weak, and broken by a too intense application to his studies. The fondness he frequently expressed for the original, gives me reason to believe, he had always designed to have exerted his utmost force in this performance; and had he lived to finish it in his own manner, many apologies, which I am now sensible are become necessary, might have been spared, and the translation would have probably come very little short of the original. However, if, under these disadvantages, it has the good fortune to please the Reader, he is intirely indebted to that gentleman for his entertainment, since, had he not first begun, I should never have thought of attempting a work of this nature.

I might

P R E F A C E

I might, I believe, without danger of a discovery, have omitted this acknowledgement, there being, as I suppose, no copy of it any where extant ; but I was too fondly his friend in life, to rob even his memory, by assuming to myself the credit of a performance, of which I very freely own myself but little more than the publisher.

Some alterations were, indeed, absolutely necessary, it having never been review'd by him after the first rough draught, of which he sent me the copy. Many lines were marked under his own hand, which he himself disapproved, as either falling below the dignity of the thought, or not coming up to the harmony of the original : and, perhaps, on a stricter review, he would have found many more liable to the same exceptions. Some intire passages were left untranslated, and others apparently unfinish'd, both in the scene and numbers. With all these imperfections, there appeared, however, a beauty in the whole, which irresistably pleased me at the first reading, nor have I found reason to alter my sentiments on a more diligent perusal. Like a diamond in the mine, it was rough, indeed ; but, like that, carried in it an intrinsick excellence. Whither I have succeeded in my attempt to supply some of these defects, and polish it to the satisfaction of the reader, I am myself wholly ignorant, and as I don't think it necessary to point out the several alterations I have made, may probably continue so. If, upon the whole, it meets with the acceptance I think it deserves, I shall be contented with having done this piece of justice to the memory of my friend, and the world may, if they please, suppose me the author of every bad line in it, as I am very sensible I really am of a great many.

It is so much the interest of every writer to have his works understood, that I had once designed to have added notes, for the better explaining some passages in the poem, the subject of which is founded on several stories in the *Pagan Mythology*, with which the *English* reader may possibly not be sufficiently acquainted : but tho' I might have been justified in doing it by the example of Mr. *Congreve*, who has, I think, with as little reason, done the same thing ; yet, as I can't be sure that what was approved in him, might not be judged vanity in me, I have chose rather to decline it ; especially as the greatest part of the

P R E F A C E

names mentioned, and facts referred to, are generally known by all who have been in the least conversant with the writings, either of the ancient or modern Poets.

What remains is only to ask pardon of the noble lord to whom, tho' without his approbation, or even knowledge, I have presumed to address it. Applications of this nature, have been the common lot of all persons, who have been distinguished, either by the superiority of their genius, eminent learning, or high stations in life; and as his lordship appears under all these characters with uncommon lustre and dignity, authors of all kinds will, with difficulty, be prevented from giving such publick testimonies of their esteem and veneration. I shall only add, that, had I known any other person to whom the lines in that address could have been applied with equal justice, it is probable I had not been under any obligation of asking his lordship's pardon for the present presumption.



PINDAR's





P I N D A R's
O D E
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P R O S E R P I N A.

I.



QUEEN of the gloomy king, whose awful sway

The dire extents of hell obey,

By unrelenting fate, at last,

Upon thy empire I am cast:

The dreary banks of *Styx* I've past;

It's time my faithful shade should pay

The tributary verse I owe,

And what above I promis'd, give below.

II.

Listen, Goddess, to thy praise;

Listen to no vulgar lays:

Fix'd in dumb attention hear

The noblest sounds that ever reach'd thine ear. Not

Not the fam'd *Thracian* bard, who, bold by love,
 Could charm relentless destiny,
 And even thy soul to tender softness move,
 E'er touch'd the lyre so well, or soar'd a strain so high.

III.

Less than my charming numbers please
 The treacherous Muses of the seas.
 Tho' with an art, unerring, they
 The list'ning mariners betray ;
 In vain before their eyes they view
 Deluded wretches their own death pursue :
 That death they would not wish to shun,
 And long to be, themselves, so pleasingly undone.

IV.

Tryphonius ~~*Timotheus*~~, whose vast bulk, and monstrous pride,
 Omnipotence itself defy'd :
 By sad experience taught to know
 The unbounded force of an almighty foe.
 Under all *Sicily* oppress'd,
 Feels hills, and realms, and plains, lie heavy on his breast :
 Unconquer'd yet, he moves the ground,
 Fierce *Etna* vomits sulphurous smoke,
 Great cities sink beneath the shock,
 And his wide prison trembles all around.

V. The



V.

The God of darkness trembled too,
 And fear'd, lest opening earth admitting light,
 With dazzling terror and affright,
 Should scare the pale inhabitants of night,
 Lest the bright God should, with his piercing ray,
 Invade the eternal gloom, and scatter boundless day.

VI.

With careful haste the frightened God
 Visits the upper air, and gains
 The fertile *Syracusan* plains,
 And *Pergus'* banks made blest'd by thy abode.
 There soon his former cares and fear
 A softer passion did remove,
 And tun'd his stubborn soul to love,
 Illustrious triumph of thine eyes,
 In one short moment he draws near,
 He sees, he loves, he bears away his prize.

VII.

Oh! dear companions of my virgin joys;
 Oh! mother dearer than them all;
 Oh! all ye kindred Deities,
 And thou, great fire, the ruler of the skies,
 Haste to my aid, and save me when I call.
 Vain complaints, and fruitless cries,

The earth divides to make the monarch way,
 And soon the sad *Tartarean* shore,
 With joy receiv'd the beauteous prey ;
 Its happy lord from injur'd *Ceres* bore.

VIII.

Heavens ! what wild cares her soul possess ;
 What rage her breast inspires :
 See ! in *Ætnean* furnaces
 She lights avenging fires.
 Unhappy island, desolated plain,
 Fruitful and promising in vain,
 Thou saw'st her cruel raging hand,
 Burn rising crops, a grateful load,
 Spread wide Destruction o'er the favourite land,
 And ruin all the blessings she bestow'd.

IX.

Cold, dull reason hence begone,
 A noble madness seize my mind ;
 Transports to vulgar bards unknown,
 Wild and raging be my fire,
 My numbers loose, and unconfin'd,
 As when on earth I charm'd, and touch'd the audacious lyre.

X.

I would not please by artful lays,
 Let others curious gardens praise ;

Their

Their nice exactness does but tire my fight,
 And less than happy change delight.
 I love the forest's vast retreat,
 Where all's irregularly great ;
 Where nature uncorrected, unsupplied,
 Profusely lavishes her bounteous pride ;
 The foreign aid of servile art disdains,
 And beauteous in her own disorder reigns.

XI.

Goddess ! all thy power must own,
 All must bend before thy throne ;
 Pious prayers may move the skies,
 And angry *Jove* is pleas'd with sacrifice ;
 But nor prayers, nor piety,
 Nor sacrifice can save from thee ;
 The sons of art a while, with fruitless care,
 The tottering building may repair ;
 Quickly the feeble ruins sink away,
 And dwindle into common clay,
 Themselves to yield, at last, and thy stern force obey.

XII.

Grandeur, courage, learning, wit,
 To thy resistless laws submit.
 The king and beggar share an equal doom ;
 The mighty conqueror must come,
 To join the crowds he conquer'd in the tomb.

Vainly,

(16)

Vainly, tuneful bards, you strive,
Like your immortal works to live.
In vain you seek to shield your destin'd head ;
In vain by meaner worth would save
Your sinking carcase from the grave ;
Dare you to hope for life, when *Pindar's* self is dead ?

XIII.

Inexorable queen, thy force proclaim ;
In fullen majesty maintain
Thy universal, dreaded reign,
Nor own imperial *Juno's* greater name.
Only my verse shall with thy power engage,
Brave all thy wit, and dare thy feebler rage.
My verse, in spight of fate and thee,
Shall please to all eternity.

XIV.

Let Gods averse, and hostile powers
Level with earth *Thebes* loftiest towers ;
Still the more lasting notes I sung,
My country's ruin shall survive,
Reverenc'd even by foes shall live,
Charm every ear, and dwell on every tongue.

XV. But

XV.

But oh ! what other notes I hear ;
 What other musick wounds my ear.
 Heavens ! 'tis *Corinna* sings ; too well I know
 The rival lyre, and lovely conquering foe.
 Ah ! 'tis in vain, insulting maid,
 Thou hop'st a second triumph o'er my shade ;
 No longer thou in those bright charms can'st trust,
 Which forc'd even reverend age to be unjust.

XVI.

See ! whilst I speak thy weakness, all appear,
 Only the vulgar dead, a nameless throng
 About thee croud, and listen to thy song,
 Whilst all the illustrious ghosts my numbers hear.
Orpheus, who first inspir'd the vocal lyre,
Homer, the *Grecian* Muses fire,
 And the gay *Tyrian* bard, attend my lays,
 And, by their silence, best proclaim my praise.

XVII.

My charming numbers can assuage
 The tripple-headed monster's rage :
 Gentle at my feet he lies,
 Nor longer threatens with his eyes,
 Whilst all his ears are busy'd on the notes
 That stop the yellings of his idle throats.

Here *Sysaphus*, with endless toil oppress'd,
 On his unmoving stone does rest.
 There, charm'd to peace, the direful sisters lie,
 Their empty vessels stand neglected by.

XVIII.

The fates, who never pity knew,
 Are soft'ned into pity now:
 And, negligent to cut the tender thread,
 Rob hell, awhile, of its appointed dead.

Even the stern *Minos*, for a while,
 (His rugged visage soft'ned to a smile)
 Puts off the judge, and yields to give
 The trembling criminals a short reprieve.
 See ! even the furies list'ning stand,
 Only on my songs intent,
 Forget the care of punishment,
 Whilst each avenging whip drops gently from their hands.

XIX.

Thus, *Hardwick*, in the shades below,
 The God-like *Theban* tun'd his lyre ;
 The wond'ring ghosts the sounds admire ;
 And unknown pleasures fill'd the realms of woe.
 In vain, alas ! I would thy fancy cheat,
 Thou see'st thro' all the thin deceit,
 My trifling rage, and counterfeited fire.

Oh

Oh was my soul, like thine, inspir'd
 With equal warmth, with equal raptures fir'd ;
 Did there, in each well-polish'd line,
 Appear a genius as refin'd as thine :
 Were all my verse, like thy just language, strong,
 Or soft as when thy moving tongue
 Charms every passion of the attentive throng.
 My daring muse should never fall
 Beneath her great original.
 Like the *Dircean* swan I'd nobly rise,
 Spurn the dull earth, and soar above the skies :
 The difference even to thee should scarce be known,
 And the great bard himself, my equal numbers own.

F I N I S.



ERRATA.

In the Motto, for *Te sequor Graia*, read, *O Graia*.
 In the Preface, p. 5. l. 15. for *Scene*, r. *Sense*.
 Stanza 7. for *them*, r. *they*.
 Stanza 16. for *Tyrian*, r. *Teian*.
 Ditto, for *Sysaphus*, r. *Sisyphus*.
 In the Preface, for *visida vis anima*, r. *visida vis animi*.
 Stanza A. for *Timotheus* read *Tryphonius*.

(19)

Oh was my soul, like thine, inspir'd
With equal warmth, with equal raptures fill'd;
Didst there, in each well-polish'd line,
Appear a genius as refin'd as thine:
Were all my verse, like thy soft language, strong,
Or soft as when thy moving tongue
Charms every passion of the attentive throng.
My daring muse should never fall
Beneath her great original.
Like the Phoenix I'd nobly die,
Spurn the dull earth, and soar above the skies:
The difference even to thee should scarce be known,
And the great bard himself, my equal numbers own.

